IS KEPT MOVING. The Dancers in the Play at the Academy-Large Numbers Beadily Handled and Grouped—The Marches and Poses of the Supersoneraries.-A Stout German Danseure.

The fairy lake of Iscalla stretching across the back of the stage looked like a sheet of clear ice. The night was hot, and although there was no peore reality in the surface of the lake than several large panes of plate glass, the look of it was 'cool. So the property man sat on the edge of it wiping his head with a large handkerchief and staring occasionally into the depths of the mirror that was presently to reflect the toes and possibly something more of a half bundeed bullerings who were to property on its surface dressed in green silk tights with water lilles in their hair. They were waiting then for the signal to appear. But it was not quite time. The Dunch comedian was playing the intermezzo from "Cavetleria Rusticana" on his accordion, and that classic had to come to an end before the scene changed to the abode of the Fairy Queen, who was just at that time pursuing the hero with smiles and allurements that certainly meant trouble for him if ever he

The girls with the water lilles and the creen tights looked cool. But they might have oked it under less trying circumstances. Their faces were plastered with red, white, and black at the points which are generally sup-posed to derive additional beauty from such treatment when the footlights are the illumination they receive. So the colors were there, although they were put on broadly and with no attempt at Melssonier-like delicacy of detail. their heads hung thick blond curls, and the clusters of water lilies must have been the last straw that sent up their temperatures to the wilting point. So their cool looks were a Under the paint and the spangles, the silk and the false hair they were as hot as the property man who was sitting in his shirt sleeves on the bank of the fairy lake of Iscalia mopping the perspiration from his face.

The girls hovered about the wings peening view of the spectators. The auditorium looked cave. Nobody could be distin guished, for the great audience room of the from the stage. When some of the girls had moved forward to a point which seemed to threaten disclosure, a voice came from the background.

'Don't you think, my dear girls," it asked. "that you had better get into your places now and be ready for the change!"

There was a tone half paternal, half gallant, that suited the words, and that fact made it certain that William Lytell was the speaker. The girls moved back and there was another evidence of the hot weather disclosed. This was the stage manager with his shirt opened at the neck and the beads of perspiration standing on his forehead. But he had not even the time to stop work and wipe them away that the property man had. He leaned forward, looked about the stage quickly, and then turning toward the man who stood on a platform built against the wall above his head, he said:

As soon as the words were out of his mouth was in gloom.

'All out," was the order following the other so quickly that it seemed a part of the same sentence. Then the stage and the theatre were so utterly dark that it was difficult to see a foot from one's nose. In an office at one side of the stage a gas jet was burning and through the half-open door there shone a thin ray of light. The sound of shifting canvas told the initiated that the scene was changing, and the creak of a pulley came occasionally from the heights above the stage. Combined with this was the continual tinkling of beils, the sound of skirts and tinsel, the half-whispered complaints and comments of the ballet girls who were pushing forward into their places ready to start on the stage as soon as the lights were up and the music had given them the signal. The line stretched far back to the rear of the stage, and in Nilsson Hall, which has been hired to accom-

in Nilsson Hall, which has been hired to accommodate them, there were others standing in line to await their turn, not to get on the stage, but to find their places in the waiting line.

"How about those white skirts!" asked a man who rushed to the spot where Mr. Lyteil was waiting. "Shall I pin em up on the left side and show the leg or leave 'em alone!"

"Leave 'em alone now." is the answer. "Tomorrow we'll cut 'em off."

Pinning them up would have to be done very expeditiously, for the interval in which the stage is dark and the scene changed is brief as a minute. But the practiced lingers of the dresser could readily arrange that as the women

or could readily arrange that as the women passed to their places in the dancing groups. A touch, a pin, and the job would be done. On the fairy lake of Iscalla half a dozen girls

are forming themselves into a group. They are no sooner in place than another call comes from Mr. lytell.

"All up."
Another handle on the electric switchboard turns with a click and the stage is brilliantly lighted again. The first line of women leaves its place in the wings. Another moves forward to follow the first in the ballet. The swish of okirts, the sound of the dancer's toes on the hard boards of the stage, and the brassy linkle of spangles are all that the persons standing on the stage can hear from the outside. The wings come together so closely that only an occasional glimpee of the dancers can be had. The women follow one another like clockwork. The twolve in pink are mechanically followed by the twelve in blue. Then with a final touch at their halffor the adjustment of their dress, the twelve in yellow disappear from the view of the few spectators in the wings to the sight of the larger public in front. As they go the stage behind the scene gradually empties.

ew spectators in the wings to the sight of the arger public in front. As they go the stage behind the scenes gradually empties.

A little weman with black eyes and hir moves about among the dancers, the is dreased in a dark skirt and shirt waist. As the girls throw their arms over their heads or take some other attitude preparatory to staring on to the stage, sometimes the little woman stops in front of the dancers and eyes them critically. Then she puts her own arms into the air crook. in front of the dancers and eyes them critically. Then she puts her own arms into the air, crooking her olbow in a way that suggests a possible improvement over the dancer's method. Then she smiles, says something in French or Italian to one of the girls, and passes on to eye critically the next girls whore attitudes suggest a possible improvement. For most of them she has a smile or a kind word. This is Mane, Bonfanti, who has devised all the ballets for "Nature." It was not many years ago that the Madame borself was one of the best-known dancers of the day. Now she is teaching others to dance and arranging ballets, which, in view of her recollection that covered a long period, she mans be able to do easily.

When the dancers are all outside and the primas are twirling while the rest of the ballet tares at them, the stage is deserted, but there is not yet peace for Mr. Lytell.

"I could not find the dressmaker anywhere."

"I could not find the dressmaker anywhere," says a little woman in street dress who bustles up to him. "I went everywhere. You said it was 65 East and I was there at 11 o clock, but I couldn't find her, and I don't believe my dresses can possibly be ready by Monday night." This young woman is going to take a part in the play formerly acted by somebody olse. "It was West," answers the stage manager realgnedly, "and you said you would be here at 11 and the dressmaker waited two hours. But it's all right, I suppose."

it's all right, I suppose."

The tone meant that it was all right because it couldn't be helped.

"I'm going to play the part with an Irish dialect," said the actress. "You know! couldn't attempt German."

with the second of the second self-second talking with the second second

It must be something Irish. How's willied O'Shea for a name?

By this time the new actress was characteristic and talking to two of the other women in the falking to two of the other women in the part or the rest of them all injeres in her hard to the presence of the part or the rest of the part of the part or the rest of the part or the rest of the part of the part or the rest of the part of the pa

ready there is a feeling of imminence in the air.

They may do this same scene every night for months, but there is always something about the magnitude of it that compels close attention from the people who are to be of it. The woman on the trapeze and the equilibrist on his welve-foot pole have their innins after the curtain rices, and then follows a dance of the mechanical animals which William De Verna devoted so much of his life to devising. There are papier maché and canvas bodies which the men silp on over their heads and during this warm weather take off as soon as they possibly can.

men slip on over, their heads and during this warm weather take off as soon as they possibly can.

Gradually the marchers begin to gather in their places. They are all in dark colors now, for the battalions are supposed to be in the army of evit. Out of the dressing room the women and men—for there are men too in this march—pour in a steady stream. Every one receives a spear or helmet wrought with skill and patience which William De Verna expended on them to so little real purpose, for the beauties are little approximated a short distance from the footlights. The waiting in the wings is a more serious matter now, for the entrances are all made from a large platform elevated some thirty feet at the rear of the stage. The approach to this from the rear is up two narrow wooden staircases and the cohorts turn up these. The continuous line of women who are to appear in the marches stretches from the back of the platform to the sast of the improvised dressing room a half block away. The line trails around the stage through one door into a passage and further than that into the large room of. Nilsson Hall beyond. The quadrille of the gratesque figures with Merri Osborne is about to come to an end and the march is to commence on the stage. beyond. The quadrille of the grotesque figures with Merri Osborne is about to come to an end and the inner his to commence on the stage. After that comes the final ballet of the evening. Leaning over the back of a canvas chair stood the terman premiere, who spends her time about the theatre in absolute loneliness. She comes alone at night and she goes away alone. She appears on the stage in time for her dance. When she finishes her work there is evidently nothing about the theatre that interests her. Maybe it is because she speaks only French and German and that few of the person of the theatre speak anything but English. The German premiere, moreover, looks about haif the size that she seems from the front of the theatre.

She was alone the other night while around the young French dancer there was kathered an enthusiastic group. It included her mother, a friend who interprets for her, and two or three other persons. One of these was the stage manager.

"You must give that poor girl a rest," said her interpreter while the dancer and her mother looked on sympathetically. "If you could only see her toes. She who is in the habit of dancing twice a week at the Opera Comique in Paris could never be expected to lead this hallet every night and at two matiness. She does need a rest."

"No doubt of it," answers the stage manager."

"No doubt of it," answers the stage manager."

every night and at two matiness. She does need a rost."

"No doubt of it," answers the stage manager, "but you just keep quiet about it. She's a strong girl, only 20 years old, and if nobody talks to her about resting she'll be all right."

"Oh." breaks in Mademoiselie of Paris, "and how little the Americans care for the ballet. We work so hard to learn and it takes so long, but here in New York you sit quite still after the ballet is finished as if it were the easiest thing in the world to do—and I dancing on my toes allogether."

oes altogether."
"While that fat German thing does every

thing in the world to do-and I dancing on my toes altogether."

"While that fat German thing does everything on her flat feet," came from another person in the group, and the discussion night have been kept up indefinitely had not the march suddenly come to an end and the bailet commenced. Then the two bounded lightly on the stage, one in spite of her overworked toes, and the other unmindful of her 180 pounds. The ballet ended, the palace of the wicked king was destroyed, the 'hunder rolled, and the Goddess of Nature appeared and stood in a calcium light long enough to reward the good and punish the wicked.

They began the stampede back to the dressing rooms. The cohorts that had marched in order hurried back in any way to the dressing rooms. It was impossible for an outsider to do anything but submit to the drift of the crowd. He was swept in a confusion of armor, heimets, and spears along with the chattering crowd. Eacape was impossible. The panting ballet women elbowed yellow and red devils, and stately Amazons clutched at their wigs, which were nearly torn away in the concessionally, "I'm in the transformation scene."

That helized her by sometimes, but in the hurry and scurry of the scene, still dim from the darkened lights that had accompanied the climax of the play, the motto was "Sauve quipeut." The most of the work was over with this scene, and when the army reappeared it was clothed in a uniform that consisted chiefly of saller hats and shirt waists. The short last sort was over before the people in the play began to go away. Then they disappeared gradually. The German ballerina went out alone, and sheety of friends came out with the French one. There followed some several hundred others who said "Good-night" to the doorkeeper in three or four languages. English prelominated, although there were several hundred others who said "Good-night" to the doorkeeper in three or four languages. English prelominated, although there were several hundred others who said "Good-night" to the doorkeeper in three or f

UNSALTED BUTTER.

The Consumption New Large and All the Time

The consumption of unsalted or sweet butter in this city is increasing all the time. A few years ago there were only three or four com-mission houses that handled it at all; now there are, perhaps, a dozen that do, some of them re-cciving large quantities. The sales of unsalted butter amount to less than 1 per cent of all. But the total daily consumption of butter here is enormous, and the amount of unsalted butter sold is now very considerable. In a general way it may be said that sweet butter is eaten mostly by the very poorest people and by those who are consumers of unsalted butter here are the Hebrews. And unsalted butter is now used, or it may be had, in many of the finest hotels and restaurants. It has long been used in some of these; its increasing use in them is perhaps due. in some degree, to demands from foreign guests. Insalted butter is far more commonly used in

RUSSIA'S HOLD ON CHINA

STRONG NOW AND CONSTANTLY GROWING STRONGER. The White Tear's Wish the Dominant Influence with the Pekin Government - How It

Helped the Belgians-English and Americans Shut Out of the New Contracts. PERIN, July 13, 1897. This country is driftalong just as it has always drifted. The Emperor, shut up from the outer world, and surrounded only by a court in which women and cunuchs play the principal part and wield the principal influence, leaves the government to the great boards, each containing many members, and each as a practical instrument of administration more inefficient than the other. Reforms cannot be had, and even a change for better or worse seems to be in: possible. Custom and conservatism are the rule, except where the Russians choose to intervene, and then, "what they say goes," while nothing else does. There is now no denial of the fact that Russia, having indersed the Chinese Emperor's notes, guaranteed the first in stallment of the Japanese war indemnity, and entered into a secret treaty to build a railroad through Manchuria and to protect the empire against the "ravening wolves that threaten to destroy it," is the dominating if not the suze rain power of eastern Asia. No Chinese states man or high official dares to stand up agains Russian demands, or even against Russian suggestions, and so it is that what Russia says "goes" here, and what any other nation says does not go, except by Russia's permission This fact must be considered as the key to every question with which the Government has to do, or in which any foreigner is interested.

The Treasury crisis already indicated in this orrespondence is becoming more and more acute. The proceeds of the foreign loans heretofore negotiated have been expended, the revenues are insufficient, and bankrupter of the imperial treasury is inevitable unless additional loans can be raised.

It is reported and believed here that the Government agents are in the market for a new oan of 100,000,000 taels at 5 per cent, and that they expect to sell their bonds for this amount to the English banks at about 95, and this i given as the explanation for the demands of the Belgian syndicate for a modification of its late contract to build the Peking-Hankow

Railway.

It is now known that the Chinese officials t whom these demands were referred were at first bitterly opposed to any modification what ever of the terms, and demanded peremptorily that the contract as originally signed should be strictly adhered to that the Belgians should sesoumethe, or sedemethe, and it looked for while as though the Chinese would prevail, bu they counted without their host." They for got that the Russians were their masters, and that they had given their approval and support to the Belgians-that the latter were, is could not be turned down with impunity.

And this explains why, after giving it out the world that the Belgian syndicate had de clared itself unable to carry out its contrac and that the same had been or would be abro gated, the Chinese officials have listened t their real masters and are about to sign a necontract with the despised Belgian syndicate, which also includes the Cockerill Steel and Iron Works. This new or revised contract provides for a loan of £4,250,000 at 4 per cent. provides for a loan of 24,250,000 at 4 per cent the bonds to run thirty years, to be paid for it gold at 90 and to be secured by a pledge of the railroad only. It also provides that the syndi-cate shall furnish half the supplies and mate-rials and have a commission of 5 per cent. of all that are used, whether the materials are furnished by them or are bought in the open market. Shengtaotal, the agent of the Chines-officials and the director of imperial railroads. farmished by them or are bought in the open market. Shengtaotai, the agent of the Chinese officials and the director of imperial railroads, is to furnish 13,000,000 tacks of additional cap-ital, to be obtained from the imperial and pro-vincial treasuries and from Chinese corpora-tions and merchants, and he is also to have the absolute control of all foreign as well as native officials, agents and employees. At least it is so stipulated, and so it will be till the Russians choose to order an exception to be made in the

omerais, agents and employees. At least it is a stipulated, and so it will be till the Russians choose to order an exception to be made in the case of such as are appointed by the Belgian syndicate. Then it will be changed.

The new contract has been ready for execution several weeks, but the proposition for the English loan above referred to coming to their knowledge, the syndicate rightly enough claime I that the bonds which the English are to buy, bearing a higher rate of interest and resting on the faith of the imperial Government, would not only be taken first, but would prevent the sale of the 4 per cent, bends for the time being. This seemed reasonable, and an effort was made to arrive at a proper measure of damage. The Belgians claimed that the Chinese should pay them 2,000,000 taels sheng and the Government thought this was an outrageous demand and protested that they should not pay anything, but again the Russians were at hand to intervene for their Helgian friends, and thereupon a compromise was reached by which the latter are to receive some sians were at hand to intervene for their Hel-gian friends, and thereupon a compromise was reached by which the latter are to receive some-thing like 1,500,000 tacks extra and are to pay certain preliminary expenses which the railroad administration is supposed to have incurred, but which is probably intended as solution to

the wounded feelings or opposition of some high Chinese official.

Thus the matter rests at present, but what will be the outcome of it all must remain un-certain. Where sheng is to get the money he has undertaken to raise, and the expenditure of which in work upon the railroad is to be-come the first security for the bends to be is-sued on it, cannot yet be stated with certainty. The well-known distruct of Chinamen of every grade for each other, and especially for those in authority, is just as strong now as it ever

GET tion of the READY Hogs First spall for the locality secures a FAIRS. and secure 51. B. CHIVED CO. 215 Summit 54.

BIG GUNS FOR HAVANA. Fine Show They Make Now, but Troub Will Come with the Firing of Them

HAVANA, Sept. 5 .- The fortifications of the city of Havana have been strengthened with fine-looking collection of big cannons placed on the crumbling ramparts of the fortress of Cabana and Morro Castle. This is what Gen. Weyler calls being "prepared for any emer-gency from abroad," according to the in-

structions sent to him by the Madrid Gov-

ernment. These "preparations" cost nearly as much as the two trochas from Mariel to Majana and from Jucaro to Moron, which, according to Spanish estimates, took millions from the Spanish Treasury. The real cost of the works and new cannons of la Cabana and Morro is not known, but it is known that, through a Spanish banker of this city, Weyler has increased his deposits of money abroad by the round sum of 500,000 centenes, each cen ten being worth in Cuba \$5.30.

About the effectiveness of the preparations against a foreign fleet of modern battleships, it may be said that it is nearly nothing. The fortress of la Cabaña and the famous Morro lastly are old relics of the seventeenth century, which have been practically useless since 1762, when Havana was taken by the English in spite of the gallant defence of the garrison. The two new batteries at the east and west of the bay are also of little power. I am in-formed by a witness that the artillery officers

the bay are also of little power. I am informed by a witness that the artillers officers who directed these works were greatly embarrassed by want of technical knowledge, and that one of them confessed that "it was good enough for the time being, but there would be trouble if occasion ever arose to use the guns."

I translate literally the following paragraphs of a letter received here from Yaguaramas, Manansas province, as an evidence of the real condition of misery in the island:

"All the employees of the farms and sugar-estates near here are sick with fever, with but few exceptions. Hesides the awful sanitary condition of all this neighborhood the total lack of nutricious food around this place helps on the epidemic. The food we can obtain is not enough to keep a man alive. So when one is attacked by fover the sickness finds him so weak as to kill him in a few days. Of fourteen men newly arrived here last week, only four remain now healthy."

If such is the situation in the country, it is no less direful in the capital. Havana is full of boggers who crowd the streets and squares. Many families that were wealthy before the war are having now but one meel a day. The paucity of provisions in the markets is felt even by the rich.

EVEN SARSAPARILLA BARRED.

Babylon's Policeman Says It Must Not B Drunk on the Street.

BABYLON, L. I., Sept. 11 .- Another effort to essert the dignity of the police force, which he himself constitutes, has been placed to the credit Chief Theodore P. Weeks of this town. time ago the village trustees threatened to get a new and thinner force-Weeks weighs some thing less than 400 pounds-who should be more agile in the pursuit of the clusive and abusive drunk and the swift bicyclist.
On a promise that he would bant, train and

fast. Weeks was permitted to continue to be the police force on probation, and has since been abnormally active. Not ten days ago he captured a bicyclist who had fallen from his wheel, and he has jailed three jags in as many weeks. But his crowning achievement was Thursday, when he interrupted the wicked and abandoned youth of Babylon in the act of disgracing the town by drinking sarsaparilla out of bottles upon the

public highway.

Celebration of the Juvenile Hook and Ladder Company's victory at a recent tournament was the occasion of the sarsaparilla. Half a dezen young boys, after the triumphal parade bought young boys, after the triumphal parade bought a number of bottles of "soft drinks," and walked along the street carrying them. One of the boys was Harry Van Weelden, whose father is Chief of the Fire Department. Young Van Weelden being thirsty "popped" his bottle and began to drink, in which he was followed by several of his companions. Police Force Weeks, who was on the other side of the street, observed this diabolical action, and was stricken with horror. rror. "Here! Stop that; stop that!" he cried hurry-

ing across.
"Stop what I" asked young Van Weelden, not understanding at first wherein he had sinned.
"Put that bottle down. Shut it up, Throw it

way."
"Why, it's only sarsaparilla."
"Ain't that enough! exclaimed the scandalized officer, "tiet away to your homes or I'll "Ain't that enough!" exclaimed the scandalized officer. "Get away to your homes or I'll arrest you."
Off scampered the boys, highly indignant, and scoon returned accompanied by Fire Chief Van Weelden.
"Did you stop my boy drinking sarsaparilla!" he demanded of Police Force Weeks.
"Yes! did," said the force. "He was drinking on the street."
"What if he was! Who's got a right to stop him!" him I"
"I have," asserted Weeks. "The trustees
don't allow people to drink out of bottles on the

street." Then why don't you arrest the bables?" thundered Van Weelden. "I want you to understand that my boy can drink sarsaparilla out of a bottle, or a pail, or a barrel, by thunder, in any way which he likes, and if the trustees don't like it they can.—"You'd better label your boy, then," grum-

"Ah, go and chase a bicycle!" said a youth-il voice, and the police force lumbered away ul voice, and the police force lumbered away mid a chorus of laughter.

It was then in order for Chief Van Weelden to

ATTACKED BY ROBBERS.

farmer Porter Beaten with an Army Musket with Which He Tried to Defend Himself.

ROCHESTER, Sept. 11 .- James Porter, 47 years id, a farmer living alone a short distance beyond the city line in the town of Gates, is lying at the point of death at his home from injuries reseived at the hands of robbers late on Thursday night. Porter defended himself with an old army musket. There are fourteen cuts and bruises on Porter's head.

At about 11 o'clock on Thursday night Porter was awakened by a noise at the front door. He arose without dressing, and in the dim light saw two men trying to get through the door. He called to them to go away, and then both made a rush for the door and broke it in with their combined weight. Porter retreated and, seizing an old army musket, pointed it at one of the men and pulled the it at one of the men and pulled the trisker. The gun missed fire. One selected the barrel of the gun, and succeeded in wrenching it away from Porter. He swang the heavy weapon and brought it down with crushing force on the farmer's head. The gun parted at the stock, and the hammer buried itself in Porter's skall.

While Porter defended himself as best he could, the robbers struck him time and again on the head and shoulders. The farmer kept up the unequal fight until he dropped to the floor from loss of blood. The robbers then left Porter and ranhunged the house. They did not discover a cent of money, and were interrupted in their search and frightened away by two young men.

their search and frightened away by two young men.

Perfer is unmarried and is well to do. This hast fact is pretty well known hereabouts, and to crobbers evidently flagred that Porter had money concealed about the house. Sheriff Schroth ha severa deputies working o this case! connection with a score of others almost as aring. For the last few weeks there has been a carnival of crime in Monroe county and holdups have e n of almost nightly occurrence. One day has week a robbers roust was discovered near the town of Brighton, and it was broken up. The thieves were fired on by the Sheriff and his deputies, but they returned the fire and escaped.

Employers Don't Want Them at Any Price-Those Who Don't Mide at a Premium.

"The bicycle has put a premium on female servants," said the proprietor of an intelligence office uptown, "for now it is more difficult to get a good maid servant than it ever was before. People who come here to engage servants are particular in stating that they will pay high wages to a girl who does not ride a wheel. Like their sisters in other stations in life, the servant their sisters in other stations in life, the servant girls have taken to wheeling and in doing so nexicet their household dutie. It's got so nowadays that some of them refuse to take situations where they are forbidden to go out wheeling. On the other hand, the women who want servants don't want bike servants. They say that the servants who ride wheels are so anxious to get out that they do their work too quickly, and hence badly, then dash saws on their wheels and stay out until 10 clock in the morning. The result is that the girl is late in getting breakfast and dopy in walting on the table. One woman came in here the other day and offered no good accomission to get here a good servant who had not learned to ride, and many employers are willing to pay as high as \$50 a month for such a girl.

ODD NOTIONS OF BAD MEN.

JESSE JAMES'S AND PHIL DIXON'S PREMONITIONS OF THE END.

Dixon's Eager Hunt for Death Through the

Three Months Following the Loss of His Slater—His Bravery is the Denver Riots of 1880—Shot While Doing a Good Deed. WASHINGTON, Sept. 11,-'I have seen some very had men do some pretty good things, said Tom Wilkinson, the ex-Sheriff of Creede who lives here. "Moreover, most of the bad

men I ever knew had a streak of the woman in them, and most of them were believers in premonitions. One but summer afternoon in 1878 was talking with Jeff Brunstetter over the counter of his grocery in Leavenworth, Kan, Jeff had been with Quantrell's gang of guerrillas during the war. He did not belong to the bad man class, but he had held his own in a few gun plays since the war, and he never took the worst of it. We were old friends, and I had stopped off at Leavenworth to see him for the first time in several years. Well, I was nibbling at Jeff's barrel of dried apples while we chatted about the old gang, when a well-set-up very bright black eyes, and wearing a linen duster that reached almost to his beels, strolled

in.
"'Hello, Jeff,' said he, darting a swift glance at Brunstetter.

" 'Hello yourself,' said Jeff, who was pretty quick at getting next to a situation. 'Come back and sit down.' Then he turned to me. Excuse me for a while, old man, will your be said. Just then I couldn't see through Brun stetter's reason for wanting to lose me, an old friend, for the first man who came in, and

walked to the front of the store and stood in the doorway.
"Jeff and the stranger in the linen duster

went to the rear of the store, sat down on a couple of bags of bran, and seemed to be hav ing a great cugger-muggering time of it for ten I didn't very well know what to make of the game, and watched the pair rather curiously. Finally the stranger in the linea duster got up from his bran sack and stretched himself. Ther I saw him unbutton one of the buttons of his duster, reach into his belt underneath, and draw out a cartridge. He handed the cartridge to Jeff, and as he did so he shot a quick look it my direction and caught me gazing at him. I afterward found that I figured it right in con cluding that the stranger was asking Jeff about

me. Brunstetter shook his head deprecatingly and alipped the cartridge into his pocket. The two men then went through a rather long handshake, and the stranger strolled out, sizing me up narrowly as he passed through the door. watched him as he disappeared down Pawnee street, for he was an unusual looking man, and had an imperious way of carrying himself. "When I turned around Brunstetter was at my side. He had a quizzical look on his face and seemed to be studying me a whole lot more than I cared to stand for " 'What the devil's the meaning of all this

funny business, anyhowf said I. 'And how long since you became a knocker, Jeff! What was your idea in shaking me for that chap!" 'Easy, easy,' said Brunstetter. 'If I hadn't stood for you five minutes ago, you might have been full of holes now.'

"'Come around to the point quick, then,' sai I, for I couldn't see into the thing at all. "'Well, I don't mind telling you about it, said Jeff, becoming serious, for you used to know how to keep your head closed. This was the first time I'd seen that friend of mine for six years. I was brought up alongside of him in Missouri. I guess you've heard his name It's Jesse James."

"Had I heard his name! Brunstetter gav me a couple of minutes to recover.

"'Yes, that was Jesse,' he went on, 'and

"Yes, that was Jesse, he went on, 'and it looks to me as if his nerve is on the break. He's got it into his mind that he is near his finish. We were pretty chunmy in the old day, and he slipped into town to see me. I couldn't talk him out of his notion that the game is nearly over with him. He gave me this cartridge out of his belt as a keepsake. Jesse's the last man I'd ever figure on to get like that.

"And about those holes that might have let the sun through me'l asked.

"Oh,' said Brunstetter. 'Jesse didn't like the way you sized him up, that's all. He wouldn't have punctured you without you'd made some kind of a foot break. He's not takink any chances, even if he is looking for an early wind-up. He only wanted to know if you were all right, and when I told him you were that settled it.

"This was the first and only time I ever saw Jesse James, and I've always thought it peculiar that I should have dropped off in Leavenworth to see Brunstetter on the same day that the outlaw drifted in there for the same purpose. His premonition as to his approaching death was verified a few months later when the Ford boys plusged him from behind in St. Joe. Why didn't I reach out for the \$50,000 dead-or-alive reward and go after James when I had this good chance! Well, for several reasons that

reward and go after James when I had this good chance? Well, for several reasons that level-headed men that are fond of living along a while will appreciate, entirely aside from the fact that I wasn't wearing any badge in that year, and that the presence of James in Leavenworth was revealed to me in confidence by a friend of mine. There was a maxim in the country that I was raised in that it is worse to betray the confidence of a friend, even to serve the ends of justice, than to steal sheep, and I've never drifted very far away from that idea, even when wearing a Sheriff's or a Marshal's rigout.

betray the confidence of a friend, even to serve the ends of justice, than to steal sheep, and I've never drifted very far away from that idea, even when wearing a Sheriff's or a Marshal's rigout.

"Another extremely bad man, probably one of the very worst that ever messed up the State of Colorado, who had a soft and superstitious streak in him, was Phil Dixon, finally of Denver. Phil was a combination of cow puncher, prospector, nighwayman, short-card player, and all-around sport; but he was a whole lot more plain bad man than any one or all of these things. The red-letter day on his list was that on which he killed four Greasers with one gun when they, not knowing him, tried to nek on him in a saloon in La Junta. Up to the time he did this Phil's quality of badness was in dauger of becoming disliked in Colorado, but the affair at La Junta obliterated the prejudice against him, so that, after that he was both approved and feared. He had plenty of room when he located in Denver in 1879, and no attempt was made to shove him into the county jail on the warrants and requisitions that were out against him from other States. He behaved pretty well until the summer of 1880. Then he got a letter containing the amouncement that his young sister back East had been thrown from a buggy while driving through a cometery and instantly killed. I was running an auctioneer business in Denver a this time, and knew Phil presty well. He brought the letter to me. When I read it without saying anything, Dixon remarked: "That's the notice for me to quit, too, and walked away.

"From that time on Dixon, unlike James, began to hunt for his finish, but, no matter what the degree of re-klosanoss he displayed to this end, he seemed for some time unable to bring it about. He took what locked like a dead sure chance for his own wind-up on the first night of the Chinese-hunting it is with an apparently uninterested eye. Along about to express his disgust for Chinamen, he not only keep out of the hunt for them on that night, but stood to lose

where he was standing, Dixon called out to bim:

"Come in here, you lop-eared Chink; I'll stand 'em off for you.

"But the Chinaman, mistrusting Dixon, paid no attention to the call and kept right on. So Dixon grabbes him and chucked him into the door of the harness shop. He was a giant of six feet two, and the Chinaman was a laptog in his hands.

aix foot two, and the Chinaman was a laplog in his hands.

"He had hardly cast the Chinaman within the door before the advance guard of the pursuing mob came up. Phil was taking up the whole doorway, with his legs straddled out and his feet about four feet apart, his hands behind him in a position that meant something.

"Well, said he to the winded mob that was drawn up all across the street from curb to curb.

"He went in there, didn't he i' yelled some of them.
"Who, the Chink! Yes, he's inside now. What's he done!"
"None of your damned business, Dixon; we want him, that's all, the mob shouted.
"Well, said Dron, both of his guns coming out like a flash, 'I don't see any shaft-cables chained to any of you. Get him.
"Me that saw the performance from the windows of places across the street told me that the thing was a picture. For a solid minute 10 years are the street told me that the thing was a picture. For a solid minute 10 years are the street told me that the thing was a picture, and the doorway with the nurgles of his guns furned downward, waiting. The mob remained absolutely silent. Then some

men on the outer edge of the crowd set up a hi-yl.

"There's another one! they yelled, and the whole mob turned and broke after a Chinese who was being chased by another gang down a cross street. Dixoa replaced his gins with a disguisted look when the crowd had all gone. Then he dragged the shivering Chinaman from beneath one of the harness store counters, and led him by the scruff of the neck to l'olice Headquarters, where he turned him over for projection.

brotection.

"Dixon carried the same kind of a chip on his shoulder for nearly three months after this before he met up with his finale, which overtook him in Leadwille. He was in Bud Cantley's saloon one night when a young tenderfoot tourist cane in, and in conversation with the barkeeper related that he had just lost a hig wad of money, one bet after amother, at Dan Cartwright's fare game. Now, Cantwright's fare layout was a brace game and no mistake. Dixon heard the tenderfoot boy's talk with the man behind the bar.

"We'll take a walk over to Cartwright's son, said he to the young chap, and the lad followed after him without any onestions.

"When the two reached Cartwright's blace, Pixon walked up to Cartwright, who was sitting in the leakout's chair.

"Ombrey,' said he to the proprietor of the bank, this kid here (pointing to the lad who stood by) tells me that he dropped his roll here a while sge. Is that right!

"Well, said Cartwright, who had yellow in him to ware, he was some loser.

"Some loser be damned,' said Dixon. 'You got his whole bundle, with six hundred in it. Now, this kid never had any show here to win, and a man who don't stand to win don't stand to lose. Dig up the six hundred. This boy's going to cut the cards with you for it.

"But, look here, Phil—"Cartwright began to argue.

"Look nowhere,' said Dixon. "The cayuse." "Dixon carried the same kind of a chip on his

going to cut the carls with you for it." "But, look here, Phil—" Cartwright began to argue.
"Look nowhere,' said Dixon. "The cayuse strayed in here without knowing the kind of a joint you run. He's going to have a run for his money. Plant down that six hundred, quick, and you'll both cut the deck for it.
"Cartwright, who was a class Z man anyhow, counted out the six hundred, but he also made a signal to a cur named Luke Harkness, who was in charge of the red-and-black table at the other end of the room, that Dixon didn't see. Cariwright then walked over to a side of the room ostendbly to ge, a fresh deck of cards, but really to get out of range. Then Harkness abot Dixon three times in the back and Phil fell dead. He had frequently told me after he got that letter about his sister's death that he was tired of the whole game, but I never figured that he'd get rounded up this way without a show for his white alloy. Harkness got only a manslaughter sentence, but died in prison." was a little sore over it. But I nodded and

THE WHATE PASS BOOK CASE. Important Suit Growing Out of the Closing o

Two Bieghamten Banks in 1805. BINGHAMTON, Sept. 11.-The famous "white term of the Supreme Court in this city Friday before Judge Mattice of Oneonta. The amount involves \$125,000, and there are about 140 pass books. About forty different law firms are engaged in the case. This suit arose out of the sensational closing of the National Brooms County Bank and the Chenango Valley Savings Bank about Jan. 20, 1895, by the bank department. Ex-Mayor Tracy R. Morgan was Cashler of the National Broome County Bank and Treasurer of the Chenango Valley Savings Bank. Orris U. Kellogg of Cortland, N. Y., receiver of the National Broome County Bank, brings the action to determine whether the bank represented by him or the Chenango Valley Savings Bank should pay the amount of these white pass books. The Chenango Valley Savings Bank and the holders of the white pass books are made defendants in this action, and the reief demanded in the complaint is, which bank is lable under these books.

Over ten years previous to the closing of these banks Mr. Morgan had been receiving deposits and issuing to depositors these white pass books in the name of the National Broome County Bank. No record, however, of any of these deposits appears on any of the books of the National Broome County Bank, neither does a record appear on any of the books of the National Broome County Bank, neither does a record appear on any of the books of the Chenango Valley Savings Bank. The two banks do business in the same room in the Phelps Bank building, and Mr. Morgan had general supervision of both of them. It is contended on the part of Mr. Kellogz, the receiver of the National Broome County Bank, that all of the money represented by these books was paid in through the window of the savings bank, and therefore that bank should be liable, although the books are issued in the name of the National Broome County Bank. On the part of the Savings bank it is contended that it never, in fact, received the money, and the books being issued in the name of the National Broome County Bank by Mr. Morgan, who was the Cashier, the savings bank in to liable.

Soon after the closing of these two banks, in the vault used by both was found an individual ledger containing a full record of the deposits and payments made by Mr. Morgan concerning the white pass books, but there was nothing in the ledger to indicate which bank it belonged to. What has become of the \$125,000 represented by these pas book is a mystery, and is one of the sensational questions involved in the closing of these banks, which resulted in the finding of a number of indictments against Mr. Morgan.

The Court will be required to take evidence as to Mr. Morgan a transactions with each individual depositor, and from that evidence will determine to which bank he will charge the amount represented by each pass book. No doubt at least two weeks will be consumed in the trial of the osse. County Bank. No record, however, of any of

THIS DOG IS A TRAVELLER.

Rail and Water Suit Him and He Always Knows How to Get Back.

From the Florida Times Union. Johnnie Smith, son of Joe Smith, has a dog sailed Jack that has developed into a genuine ramp, careless of his associations, and with a deprayed desire to work free lunches rather

clusten through the tangled hair tuniding over them whenever he is interested in some tender morse: he begs you for with such pitiful mutenesse.

Jack's star trip was to New York on a Clyde ship. One of his "sporting" friends got on the boat and Jack followed, remained there, saw the sights of New York for a day or two, and concluded he would return home. The ship's officers tried to run him ashore, and after some difficulty succeeded, but he shipped in at night among the busy trucks over the freight plank into the forward hold, and stowed himself away on a pile of guano. When he came forth, a day out, he was a hungry discolored, lil smelling, and altogether wretched specimen of the canine family, and when he tried to ogle the purser out of a square meal, that dignitary sais. Begonet and poor Jack skurried away, fearing, perhaps, that he was unwelcome enough to be tossed overboard.

A half hour later, Jack, tail in air, trotted up to the same officer, and laid at his feet a whopping big rat, as much as to say;

"Look here, old fellow, I'm willing to work; now come down and give a poor dog a bone. The purser understoot the meaning of those bright brown eyes, and provided Jack with a rousing dinner.

Jack has been the purser's friend ever since. He knowe his ship, and when it is in port, fraquently calls on board, rubs his little black nose against the purser's leg, wags his little stump of a tail, and trot's off. Jack never was effusive in his demonstrations of friendship, but in a quiet way lets his friends know that he is fond of them.

Jack concluded on another occasion to go South. He boarded an F. C. & P. train and lended in Tamma, loafed around there a day or two, finally returning to the dopot, where he waited until the same conductor came along. He reasoned correctly that this conductor two finally returning to the dopot, where he waited until the same conductor came along. He reasoned correctly that this conductor two finally returning to the dopot, where he waited until the same conductor came along. H

Walley. From the St. Louis Glabs Demograt.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It will be news to many people to read that the cottonwood, which only a few years ago was looked upon as one of the worthless woods, and which fring slivith luxurious growth the courses of these Southern rivers for no outfilly utility, as it seemed, have come into great demand. In rafts and barge loads they are arriving constantly at raino. They are drawn up up endiess chains cut into butts as they reach the doors of the mills, with the water still dripping from them. Those butts so between the planing and shaving knives and as they revolve the vener poels off in sheets of varying sizes. It is a quick and a clear process. The cottonwood thus pecked flads a variety of uses but above all it is the raw material for packing boxes. The consumption of cottonwood logs at Cairo is enormous and increasing. The trees grow rapidly and where land is too low to be useful for anything else. The employment of cottonwood lumber is one of the new and admirable committee of the new and admirable committee of the lower Mississippl Valley.

In carry days Jewett Wilcox steamboated up the Missouri. He used to tell an excellent story about the use of cottonwood lumber for home building at Omaha. Timier was scarce. The planing at the area of cottonwood water for foliars and cut boards out of green cottonwood for same building at Omaha. Timier was scarce. The planing the sense, Cottonwood boards when green will do more queer things than a crash suit in its first wash. Wilcox used to say that when the sun tagent to get in its work on those brandnew Omaha houses of the early times you could see them walk away in all directions.

THE MAN OF THE MINUTE

THE MOMENT TO SHOOT.

MODEST AND MYSTERIOUS UNTIL Then He Shot Two Desperadors Dend and Wounded and Captured Two More-A Depa-ty Sheriff, Unknown to Fame, Who Broke

I'm a Gang of Stage Robbers in Five Minutes.

"I was one of four passengers on the castwardbound stage that left Silver City, N. M., at 5 o'clock in the afternoon," said E. S. Kirkbridge, who formorly travelled for a St. Louis firm in the Southwestern Territories. "The stage was a three-seated buckboard, with four mules about, and besides the passengers it carried the United States mail and the overland express packages, trip on the overland through New Mexico in those days-it was 1877-was apt to prove a live tle trying to a man of quiet tastes, for the Apaches always were liable to be lying in wait for the stage, and road agents were unusually industrious that year. In fact there seemed to be an epidemic of stage robbing about this time, for in the last five weeks the stages had been held up five times between Silver City and Mesilia, and the company was at its wits' ends to find how to put a stop to the business. The Sheriffs of Grant, Dona Ana, and El Paso counties had done their best to truce up the robbers, but, although they felt certain that all the hold-ups were the work of one cang. led by Tom McGuff, they could not catch the road agents red-handed or find sufficient evidence on which to arrest any of the suspected men.

"We were talking about these things on the stage in the first two hours of the trip. While daylight insted, as we spun along in the fresh exhibarating air, with the mules unravelling eight or ten miles of the smooth trail every hour, the idea of these dancers were interesting rather than unpleasant, for they seemed far away. But as night shut down, closing around us, we began to think of road agents and Apaches in another light. In the darkness the merquite clumps and eactuses took on

us, we began to think of road agents and Apaches in another light. In the darkness the merquite clumps and cactuses took on queer and uncertain shapes, and seemed to move with life as we passed them. We had been pretty talkative, but now every man kent his thoughts to himself, and the only voice raised was that of the driver as he swore at the mules. It was a relief the few minutes we stopued at the Apachelo station to change mines, and most of us got off the buckboard there to stretch our legs. Then we were off again with Cook's cafion between us and the next station at Fort Cummings.

"None of us liked the looks or behavior of the man who got in the stages at Apacheho. He was of medium height, strongly built and deliberate of movement. So much of his face as could be seen under the wide brim of his sombrers showed a straight, rather prominent nose, a mustache above straight, thin lips, and a resolute law. Without speaking, he had the air of being master of the situation, and this effect was helped out by the bulge in his coat at each hip in the place where pistols usually are carried. He climbed into the buckboard at the station and without a word took the front estation and occupied that seat came back and ventured to remonstrate, the stranger gave him one look which ended the matter, and the passenger who had occupied that seat came back and ventured to remonstrate, the stranger gave him one look which ended the matter, and the passenger meekly took a rear seat. The driver evidently did not know the man, and it was equally clear that he judged him to be a person safe to be let alone. There was very little companionship or confidence in the company as the mules bowled us along toward Cook's cafion." "Mein Gott, my friend, I like not the looks of that man, whispered a German Jew from Thoson who sat net me on the middle seat. "This is a bed country, you know."

"He expressed the opinion of the passengers generally, il of whom, no coubt, like myself, and made up their minds that it estranger probably was road a

from behind.

"Well, the hold-up came, sure enough. The mules had slowed their pace as they took a Well, the hold-up came, sure enough. The mules had slowed their pace as they took a stretch of steep up-grade. They were half way to the top when the call 'Halt! Hands up everybody! came stern and sudden from just ahead on the right, and I saw opposite the off wheel mule a man who had appeared in the darkness; he were a black cloth mask, and the shotgun he carried was levelled at the driver's head.

head, ... 'Mein Gott, we are held up,' cried the Jew "Mein Gott, we are held up," cried the Jew by my ide, as the driver brought the unles back on their hauches with a puli as if his salvation depended on it. But before the Jew hid spoken the driver braced back on the lines enough to check the mules. Following the order to hait two pistol shois ring sharply from the front sent of the buckboard, and the masked robber went backward to the ground and lay still with his gun fallen across him, while another man, whom I had not seen before, fell across the trail in front of the lead mules. The shots had come from the straine passenger, who with the second crack of the pistol jumped to the ground, leaved past the men fallen in the roadway, and dashed into the darkuess up the trail ahead. In a few seconds more—they were long seconds to us on the buckboard—there rang down the calon the seconds more—they were long seconds to us on the buckboard—there rang down the caffor the sound of a revolver shot, then another, then three or four almost together. There came a last single shot, and then all was silent.

"We got out of the buckboard as soon as the driver could caim the mules down a little—they were wild with fear over the shooting and the dead robbers in the road—and every man who carried a pistol got it out and felt brave, or treetended it. At last we heard footsteps coming toward us down the trail, and the stranger appeared from the darkness with two men marching before him, one limping along and the other supporting his left arm with his right hand as he walked.

ing before him, one limping along and the other supporting his left arm with his right hand as he walked.

""Have any of you gentlemen a gun? the atranger saked politely, with a little ring of command beneath his suave tone. He had been fighting, remember. 'Ah, that's well? Will you kindly stand guard over these two men while I take a look at the men in the road?

"Standing guard over the two men, one with his arm broken by a ball and the other with a builet through his thigh, I saw him take the meak from the face of the robber with the gun. He called the driver to him as he lighted a match and they looked at the dead man's face. 'Bo you know him? he asked.

"Know him! I should say I did,' said the driver. 'Il's Tom McGun. He has held me up twice before, but he stopped the stage once too often.

"They looked at the other man who had fallen at the head of the mules. The driver did not recognize him. They laid the dead men by the shie of the trail to lie until a wagon could be sent for them; then the two prisoners were placed on a seat in front of the str user where he might keep watch of them, the rest of us sat where we could, and so we drove to Fort Cummings. Their the stranger stopped with his prisoners waiting to take the return stage to Silver City. Before we started on he told us his name.

"It's Chiffield, Henry Chiffield, of Corazon."

name. "It's Chiffield, Henry Chiffield, of Corazon county, Taxas. I'm a deputy sheriff there, but I do some detective work for stare lines and railroads. Am happy to have met you, gentlemen." men. "This was all the information I ever got about

"This was all the information I ever get about Deputy Sheriff Henry Chiffield, one of the type of quiet, resolute men, handy with the acus, who are not board of utside of the brailites where they live and are glad to shouthe notoriery of desperadoes. The stope company had heard of him and sent for him, and the fact that he was unknown to people along the line made han the man to hunt down the single robbers, which is did after his own fashion. With its leader and one than killed, and two men booked for the penitentiary, the Tom Metinff gang was been card of ugain, and the stages cast of Silver 1 y made their trips in peace for many months that followed.

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